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The Commonweal

September 28, 1951

TITO AND THE PEASANTS

Bogdan Raditsa

Break Between the AFL and CIO

John C. Cort

Volume LIV **15c** *Number 25*

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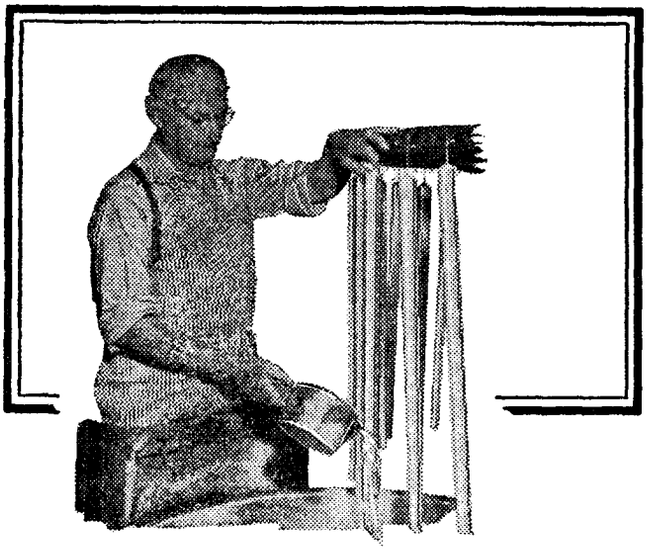

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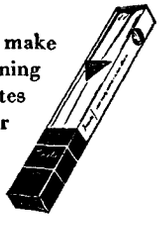

CANDLE CRAFTSMEN FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS

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Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1951, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685 Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Drawing Up the Contract

IN WASHINGTON and Ottawa during the past week the Allied plans for Germany have taken more specific form. What has been agreed on by the participating foreign ministers has long been forecast in a general way; it depends also upon successful completion of the Schuman Plan for integrating European heavy industry and the Pleven Plan for building up a European army which would include West German units.

In this connection one of the most interesting decisions leaves Britain out of the European army organization, which is therefore to be continental in scope. This presumably would concentrate Britain's direct contribution to the proposed defenses to her navy and air force. But it is hard to suppose that she would not also have foot soldiers and armorized divisions poised in readiness.

As for France, one crucial issue is the extent to which these plans would embody a reconstitution of the German army. The French advocate the incorporation of German troops only in small units; the Germans themselves are said to wish units of division strength, with their own generals participating as equals in the drawing up of joint defense plans. The specter of a reborn German army will not be laid, but it recedes into the background before the greater threat of the forces that have been massing in East Germany and the numerous reserves known to be organized among the satellites and in the Soviet homeland.

In what sense, however, can the reconstitution of Germany as a sovereign state by next year be considered as provocative to the Kremlin? The armies and armaments contemplated are conceived of only in defensive terms. They are designed on the assumption that co-existence with the Soviets is possible; they do not contemplate going over to the attack.

Moreover they form a component part of stabilizing the whole continent. Simultaneous objectives would be a conclusion of peace with Austria and a revision of the Italian peace treaty in such a way as to enable that former member of the Axis to provide for her own defense. Economic coordination is to accompany military coordination, all in the interests of security, stability and peace. Only in the sense that the completion of these plans would block the taking over of Western Europe by the Soviet Union can they be considered provocative—the way every aggressor resents resort to determined self-defense on the part of his intended victim. But it is not so much the degree of provocation so much as the calculated chances of her own success that will determine whether Soviet Russia decides to make the fatal move. The hope is that a sober estimate would indicate in Moscow that it is already too late to attempt a march on Europe.

IT WOULD be interesting to know to what extent these swift steps toward political and economic integration in the face of a common threat is hastening a unification of Western Europe desirable in itself. To what extent are age-old national rivalries which have so often resulted in war and devastation being transcended in the course of establishing common continental defenses? To what degree are the tariff barriers and other implements of economic rivalry, which made each individual nation economically insecure and dependent on colonial empires that have since evaporated, to be thrown out in favor of a co-operation that will make the continent economically viable?

Such are the prospects that are raised by the growing series of agreements among the representatives of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization peoples. And if common defense is necessarily the watchword of the hour, it involves now, as well as in the long run, not only determined joint defenses but a community of allied nations cooperating as harmoniously as is humanly feasible in every field. Such are the possibilities envisioned by the prospect of European unification.

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Inflation Woes

THE end is not in sight for inflation. The spiral continues to wind up and up as first price increases, and then wage increases—or vice versa—are permitted. The current rates of increase in each case are low, the increases are gradual, but there is no mistaking the momentum that is building up.

One result or accompaniment of this loss in the value of the American dollar is a redistribution of income—not necessarily of wealth. Men and women living on pensions, annuities or other sorts of fixed income have suffered most—losing half of their real income. Stockholders, among whom many of the wealthy may be accounted, have about held their own by concentrating their investments in common stocks. But bondholders have suffered almost to the extent of pensioners—and unhappily this goes for purchasers of both war and defense bonds.

Two groups have greatly benefitted from the course of the national economy in the past twelve years: farmers and factory workers. Since both groups were notoriously underpaid before, this change of fortune is well-merited. An amateur economist might ask whether this just fruit of productive labor might not have been vouchsafed the worker and the farmer without at the same time penalizing the aged and other fixed-income groups.

The problem of stemming inflation at the national level appears to be strictly political in a local rather than a national sense—although the accusation of having destroyed the value of the American dollar will make good Republican campaign fodder.

It is significant that the fiercest opposition to solid controls and price rollbacks came from Senators and Representatives who had certain commodity interests uppermost in mind. The Herlong Amendment to the latest price-wage control legislation is an out for the nation's meat-packers; it will permit impending increases of beef and pork prices on the basis that the packers are to be allowed to maintain the profit margins they enjoyed before war broke out in Korea. The impending and subsequent rises in wholesale and retail prices for automobiles are possible through the cost increase allowances embodied in the Capehart Amendment. Indeed the relaxing of restrictions on instalment buying at this worst possible time reflects a general unwillingness all round on the part of our legislators to antagonize any of their local business constituents.

Whatever may be said when the campaigns start, failure to stem inflation is not primarily a party matter. It points straight to one of the key weaknesses of the American political system: much of the time our representatives in Washington are unable to see the forest of the national well-being for the trees of votes and private interest.

The Stake in Vietnam

THE visit of General de Lattre de Tassigny underlines the complexity of the issues in Indo-China. Much that he said on his arrival in this country is incontrovertible. Keeping the Soviets out of Southeast Asia is of primary importance; the defense of Burma, Thailand and the Malayan Peninsula—if not Indonesia and the Philippines—hinges upon the defense of French Indo-China. There is no denying that.

Moreover, the war is undoubtedly costing the French somewhere around a billion dollars a year. It is also pinning down several French divisions thousands of miles from their homeland and keeping them out of European defense preparations at a time when they can be spared least. For the French this war is no picnic.

Finally, there is indeed a direct connection between the wars in Indo-China and Korea. Both are focused on containing the Soviets in Asia; both seek to ward off aggression and create local stability. Without the UN forces all Korea (and probably Formosa) would be overrun, while at present only the French Army stands between Ho Chi Minh, with his Communist forces, and the mainland and islands of Southeast Asia.

The two situations, however, provide the sharpest contrasts. In Indo-China the hard-

• NEXT WEEK •

HERBERT SPECKNER writes about the changes that have taken place in the German Federal Republic during the past year.

"When I left Germany in the summer of 1950 I left behind a country fascinated by the fear of war. In the same way a rabbit is hypnotized by the eye of a snake, the German people looked toward the East and tried somehow to adjust themselves to the danger that threatened them. . . . Where is this paralyzing fear of war today . . . ?"

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pressed French troops serve as a symbol of a long-hated colonial rule; in Korea strong UN forces seek to protect the independence of the South Koreans, ultimately to establish all Korea free and united. Moreover they are holding off the Communist invader from the North, and pushing him back, in the name of a collective security which would guarantee the freedom of all peoples. Although Americans account for the great bulk of the non-Koreans in the UN army, it is a truly international force including several contingents of Asiatics. There is a certain connection with the French Indo-China situation but not much in the way of a parallel.

The French general said in Washington that he hoped to have most of his troops back in France in a year or two. This presumably would mean that native Vietnamese would have things well in hand. But the lack of data as to how French withdrawal will come about is disquieting. Progress in this direction now is all but negligible.

For the French are still demeaning the Vietnamese, even in their own country. They are refusing to turn over official residences to Bao Dai administrators in Saigon. They also interfere with their puppet emperor's diplomatic choices. Beyond their own sponsored native regime the French are even less cooperative. They have failed to supply even the small arms needed in the key neutral zone to enable these Vietnamese to defend themselves against Ho Chi Minh.

With Asia in full revolt against colonialism the French have only their army to bank on. They lack any real native support. The defense of Southeast Asia is greatly impaired by linking it with an attempt to hold on to an outdated colony.

The Critics and Mr. Acheson

FOR a brief spell last week leaders of both parties found themselves at a unique stage of agreement. They were one in applauding the choice of Robert A. Lovett as successor to General Marshall as Secretary of Defense; they had only praise for the way Secretary Acheson handled the San Francisco Conference. Yet, week in week out Dean Acheson remains as controversial a political figure as ever.

His firm, unworried way of despatching the obstructioning of Mr. Gromyko and Russian satellite delegates has endeared him to many Americans who had previously been highly skeptical about him—and once again television must be credited with a mighty assist. The warm applause of onlookers in Washington at the time of Mr. Acheson's subsequent talks with the British and French foreign ministers reflected a change in popular sentiment. It remains to be seen whether the change is extensive enough to make over the Secretary of State into a political asset for his party.

Mr. Truman seems to think so. But he has stuck loyally to Dean Acheson when his past and his policies were under such a cloud that everyone —even supposedly pro-Administration newspaper columnists—said he would have to go. Now the President takes obvious relish in telling reporters that he will have Mr. Acheson at his side as long as he is in office. So far the Republicans still regard the Secretary as a good campaign issue, one that will be played to the hilt if their candidate is Senator Taft rather than General Eisenhower.

The case against Mr. Acheson has perforce somewhat shifted. It is no longer possible to accuse him of Communist leanings. He is currently suffering attack for a number of things that turned out badly for the United States. He serves as a scapegoat. Not only is he blamed outright for the taking over of China by the Communists because of the evidence about State Department personnel at the time, but he is charged with responsibility for more recent calamities. The British debacle in Iran is laid at his door on the grounds that he failed to support our minister at Teheran, Henry F. Grady, vigorously enough. He is blamed for the bloody stalemate in Korea in that the war might have been fought differently if he had not taken British commercial interests into account. Even today he has allowed Britain to increase her rubber exports to the USSR, although this will aid in the build-up of the Soviet war machine. (In alleging this people ignore the counter advantages for the West of East-West trade.)

For those who are against him Mr. Acheson will continue to serve as a target whenever our fortunes in the cold war take a downward turn. It is one of the penalties of office at a critical hour like the present. Perhaps now the general public is less ready to blame everything on Dean Acheson—especially foreign developments about which he himself could do little. He and his department have made serious mistakes, more than would be indicated by his stalwart self-defense in the MacArthur hearings in Washington. At the moment he does at last have a considerable following with him. Perhaps the calmness which now marks his public demeanor is an index of his own confidence as to the verdict of history.

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There Are No Words

THE first contemporary martyr I remember was Miguel Pro, the gallant, adventurous Jesuit who was shot down in Mexico in the 1920's. There was a picture of him, sporty and jazzy in college boy's clothes, which the nuns in school passed around. During the months he was eluding capture the priest was usually disguised as a student or man of the world, and time after time he slipped through the hands of the anti-clerical authorities. We knew his story well and thought of him admiringly as half-saint, half-adventurer.

Knowing the story of Father Pro, we thought it would be exciting and rather fun to be a martyr. (At nine or ten you are so careless with your adult years!) The Bishop came for Confirmation and said we must all be prepared to suffer for our faith and when during the ritual the time came for the symbolic slapping on the cheek, I suppose half of us were thinking of the Jesuit in the bell-bottom trousers and jazz-bow tie. The Bishop might have been inviting us to break Lindbergh's record, so agreeable were we to the thought of martyrdom. Martyrdom was something wonderfully adventurous, almost gay. It never occurred to us then that, given the choice, we would have done anything else but followed Father Pro's example.

Years later I saw the picture of Father Pro before the firing squad which a big Catholic magazine still distributes. I looked for the Rudolph Valentino disguise that had much such an impression, but here the Jesuit is faultlessly attired in a black clerical double-breasted, his Roman collar gleamingly white; a Father Pro so sartorially proper he might have been waylaid on a trip to the semi-annual deanery meeting. The adventurer of my childhood had become an assistant pastor making a final pulpit point.

I don't know which vision of the martyrdom was farther from the mark, the childish good-guys, bad-guys hero or the debating society stalwart. But I do know now that neither version was true. The simple facts of the case are all a man has to go on, and what it was to be Father Pro, what it was to stand up and be shot to death, what it was to be a martyr, I don't know, and I won't know unless, most unlikely, the day should come when I too will have the same choice to make.

We know that there was a Father Pro and that on a certain day they took him out, a young man, and they shot him dead. The man was killed, not suddenly, not accidentally, not fighting back but he died because he was something — a priest — and he believed something — a Christian—and in a sense he chose death. What did it mean to him? How did he feel about it? Who knows until he himself has gone through it? And then it is too late to say.

At least one thing we owe Miguel Pro and all the thousands who since that day of his death a quarter century ago have suffered with him, and that is not to cheapen their suffering, not to use it. Their pain, their deaths are forever their own; we should remember that.

It is true that in a mystical way all men share in their merit; that is not what I am talking about. I am talking about the conscious, deliberate use of other men's martyrdom, not in humility and gratitude, but in what almost amounts to boasting—as if they have given us the fact of their suffering to be employed as a rhetorical flourish, as if we are free to take it as our own merely because we are bound to the martyr by ties of religion or nationality.

There are facts before which we can only be humble and grateful and yes, if the truth is to be spoken, uncomprehending. Among these are the merits of men who have laid down their lives for others. To turn these into rhetorical coin to be spent on political or sectarian interests: that has always seemed to me to be more than bad taste; it is a kind of thievery. To wrap oneself and one's arguments in the shrouds of the noble dead is, I think, to make sacrilegious use of the untouchably sacred.

In this country there are the war dead and the soldiers suffering in combat areas right now the "boys in Korea," to tempt the politicians, the special interest people and partisan orators. During the Second World War, time and again we had example of individuals' and groups' trying to capture the dignity, the pity and human appeal of other men's sufferings, for their private uses. I am thinking not only of GI Jim but of all the advertisers, the public relations men, the tearful radio performers, the grandiloquent orators and polemicists, with their glib sympathy and easy—so easy—words. In the case of religious martyrs, any similar attempts are even more shameful.

Don't think I am forgetting Cardinal Mindszenty rotting in his prison and all the thousands he symbolizes, or that I am forgetting that we Catholics feel a certain identification with them. Don't think that I am forgetting that the Cardinal and the martyr priests, religious and laity behind the Iron Curtain and in China who suffer because they are representative Catholics are bound in a special way to us, even though their suffering is for all men, including the very men who persecute them. Don't think I am trying to blot out all lines of special charity between members of the same Church. No, not that. It is wholly understandable that when a bishop, a priest, a religious or a Catholic layman suffers for his faith, other Catholics feel a special sympathy. When one of these accepts death rather than capitulation, other Catholics naturally feel a surge of pride.

What I mean, rather, is the glib use to which the sufferings and martyrdom of others is sometimes put, so that a single man's death or the death of many becomes something to boast about, in a partisan or sectarian way, or something to embroider an argument against an opponent who does not share the same immediate kinship with the fallen. That, I say, is to destroy mystery; it is to find words when silent awe is the minimum decency.

Faced with the fact of holy martyrdom and all the thousands who have paid the supreme price for the faith we can practice openly, without shame or connivance, there are no words except those which the Church herself supplies, "Queen of martyrs, pray for us."

JOHN COGLEY.

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Tito and the Peasants

The Yugoslav dictator is harassed by sporadic grass-roots revolts against his collectivist schemes.

By BOGDAN RADITSA

ONE of the most serious obstacles to Marshal Tito's efforts to integrate the Croats, Serbs and Slovenes into his monolithic state is a growing resistance from the peasants. The western powers want Yugoslavia consolidated and strong, in view of Stalin's possible aggression, and they are apprehensive about Tito's weakness and the appalling condition of the economic structure of the country. Peasant dissatisfaction should be a key consideration.

Lately stories about peasants running away from the Communist-imposed collective farms have been pouring out of Yugoslavia. General unrest, stirred up by the independent peasants, over forced harvesting of crops to be delivered to the Government, has spread all over the country, particularly in Croatia and Macedonia. More and more, groups of Jugoslav peasants are showing their determination to break up the kolkhozes (state collective farms) and to get away from Tito's compulsory farm policies.

Better than any other Communist country, Yugoslavia offers an illuminating example of how quickly the slightest opportunity for even limited freedom affects the artificial schemes of the Communist "revolutionary" doctrinaires. Collectivization easily crumbles away, despite the persuasive power of Communist dialectics and the use of force to keep the peasants on state farms. The three-year contracts, at the termination of which the peasants have the right to leave the collectives, expire this year. This and the recent appearance of Americans on the Yugoslav scene have encouraged them to start their own "revolution" against new landlords, the Communist collectivists. A general withdrawal from the kolkhozes has deeply shaken Tito's regime.

The Yugoslav peasants have, since the beginning of the present regime, manifested stubborn if silent opposition to Tito's agrarian policy. This writer has always been of the opinion that Tito will hardly succeed in winning the cooperation of the peasantry in any general policy of communization and industrialization.

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The Croatian and Serbian peasants are sturdy, rugged and highly independent. They comprise the backbone of the country. They themselves are so conscious of this fact that, whenever the country's independence or her freedom has been at stake, they have resisted fiercely; they have refused to yield. They are the ones who have fought all the national wars. They have been the most fiery advocates of opposition to the pre-war dictatorial regimes in Yugoslavia.

★

MANY news stories in Tito's own press reveal what is happening now in Yugoslavia. Every such item can be confirmed by confidential reports. The rebellion of the peasants, their determination to be rid of collectivization and the ruthless way the government combats their struggle for economic independence, recall the days when their own courageous grandparents fought against feudal landowners.

Edward Kardelj, highest Yugoslav Communist leader, declared in the official *Borba* in July: "We . . . risk the danger of abandoning our socialist revolution in the name of a so-called formalistic democracy. Our words about the people's democracy will become sheer verbiage if we fail to see clearly that the individual agricultural producer—the peasant—must work only under determined conditions, side by side with the working class and with the people's intelligentsia, who are the pillars of that democracy." If the peasant is not subordinated to the Communist ruling class and its policy of industrialization, Mr. Kardelj says, "that association will be weakened and the individual peasant will lean toward all the hostile elements of the past."

In other words, the leading Communists are afraid that the disruption of the collective farms will mean a slackening in Communist political power.

Near my native town of Split, in the Republic of Croatia, in the village of Hrvace, the Government had to send troops to force the peasants to deliver their harvest to the State. The Communist newspaper *Slobodna Dalmacija* (*Free Dalmatia*) describes the harsh conditions in this village of 2,500 people and tells how the villagers "hate the Communist authorities." They refuse

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to obey and are in open revolt against the collective policy.

The chairman of the Hrvace "People's Council," the Council's secretaries, and the head of the local collective farm "are continually threatening the peasants." The head of the regional People's Council, the next highest Communist body, in the nearby town of Sinj, recently telephoned the Hrvace People's Council with orders to "bind the hands" of all villagers who balked at government requisitioning of meat. "It is certain that the local officials will carry out these directives in a very violent manner," the newspaper remarks in a new outburst of "Communist democratic self-criticism."

The story further reveals that villagers "speak of the Communists in the harshest terms." It says that 85 percent of the farmers have resisted joining the local kolkhoz. An official project to install electric power and light in their homes was bluntly rejected by the peasants, who refused to contribute the money.

The reporter observes that the only remedy for this situation is to "use the right propaganda" and not force. Yet he concludes that "the village is completely an enemy of the regime." This is an impression that may be found all over Yugoslavia.

It must be added that the village of Hrvace took an active part in Tito's National Liberation Movement during the last war. Many of its sons were among the best of Tito's Partisans. They opposed the pre-war dictatorial regimes. They refused to cooperate with foreign and native fascist movements. Their present opposition to Tito's regime is mainly due to his Soviet-like agrarian policy.

★

THE situation is worse in those parts of the country where Tito was never popular, such as Croatia proper. In the district of Glina, well-known for its anti-Communist feelings, wheat deliveries have reached only a level of 10 percent of the required figure. In the Vukovar district in eastern Croatia "the peasants are not fulfilling their obligations completely but only in part," an official item announces. In Bijeli Monastir, in Northern Croatia, Communist collective farms have threshed more than is required but have delivered nothing to the State.

The same precarious conditions prevail in Serbia, where in 27 districts, as of August 11, the average was given as 32.5 percent. The *Novi Dani* (*New Days*) reports that, out of 100 peasant families summoned by the local "People's Councils," 30 had carried out their obligations in full, 40 had been "malingerers," and 20 had yielded nothing at all.

In Macedonia things are getting worse and worse. The peasants' movement to break up the Communist collective farms is so strong and widespread that the People's Councils have had to resort to arms to keep the peasants in the kolkhozes. Macedonia is the only Yugoslav regime where the percentage of collectivized land has been increased, from 50 to 62 percent in the past year. In some cases the state police, UDB (the security police) had to blockade the villages before the peasants yielded. In the face of such measures, the anti-Communist peasantry not only started to swamp the authorities with written applications to quit the collectives but even hid their crops or let them rot in the fields.

In Macedonia the situation is aggravated by the Soviet policy of trying to divide Macedonians from the Serbs and inflame nationalistic passions. The peasants there are fighting not only for their land but for their national independence. The Macedonian Communist leader, Lazar Kolishevsky, prime minister of the Macedonian Republic, told a meeting of the Macedonian Council of Peasant Cooperatives that the government would not tolerate desertion of the collectives.

The Government is now using the term "Cooperatives" instead of "collective farms" or "kolkhozes" to spread the impression among the peasants that its aim is not the sovietization of the land but a compromise between the old pre-war "cooperative," which was based on freehold planning, and the new "socialist policy." That has not changed the feeling among the peasants. On the contrary when the three-year contracts with the Government expired, peasants all over the country instructed lawyers to intervene with the authorities to terminate their memberships. Applications grew so numerous that the local Communist leaders did not know how to handle them. They turned to higher authorities for guidance. The answer from above came in the form of more serious warnings. A number of arrests of "enemies of socialism" were made. In official statements the Government was explicit to the point of admitting, naively enough, that the move by the peasants was due to the impact of American aid.

Mr. Boris Kidric, chief boss of Tito's economic planning, in an address to the Macedonian peasants, issued a public warning that "Yugoslavia's *rapprochement* with capitalist United States does not mean a golden opportunity has arrived for peasants to destroy the collectives and other socialist bulwarks in the villages." Kidric adds that the "enemies of socialism" would discover that they were bitterly mistaken if they thought so.

The reason for such a remark is obvious. The

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impact of American aid upon the people of Yugoslavia is so tremendous that the peasantry as well as the bourgeoisie has interpreted American policy for Yugoslavia as an invitation to the country to win back its political and economic freedoms.

*

ANYONE who knows the character of the Serbian, Croatian and Slovenian peasants, with their impetuous temperaments and their shrewd understanding of what is going on in the world, would have expected that the people themselves would take the path of liberation from Communism when they found the West interested in their destiny. Even if one has to admit that in Yugoslavia today there is no organized opposition, the sudden and spontaneous peasant rebellion was not a surprise. The Government has lost all moral influence on the people. Force alone, mitigated by American intervention, will not succeed in bringing back the situation when Tito, in subservience to Moscow, was using Stalin's well-known methods of exterminating the independent peasants. Tito cannot send Yugoslav peasants to Siberia. He needs them to stop the Soviet march against the West.

Nevertheless, he stubbornly insists on having them back in the kolkhozes. The Communist magazine *New Days* writes: "The general unrest among the peasants and in the villages shows that it is very dangerous to go on the assumption that the requisitioning is going well. A struggle must be undertaken against the malingerers. . . . We must reckon with the resistance of the small producers and we must realize that the plan of requisition can be executed only through an organized program." Communist fanatics cannot produce a more liberal program because in their minds the peasantry has to conform to the socialist pattern.

Whatever the Government seeks to introduce —an increase of delivery prices to improve the buying power of the peasant population, the transformation of the collective farms and kolkhozes into pre-war cooperatives with great accent on hated "socialism," or the "humanization of the relations between the socialist authorities" and the peasants—the abyss between the people and the Government has reached the point of mutual distrust. Tito has never had the peasants on his side. He lost their confidence the day he inaugurated the policy of destroying their freeholds. Forced industrialization is put through without taking into account that Yugoslavia cannot become heavily industrialized without general pauperization and upheaval. Forced collectivization of the land and its manpower must end in chaos and bring the country to the point of starvation it had reached when American help started to pour in two years ago.

This is why the peasant rebellion in Yugoslavia is a last warning of the people to the western powers that there is no hope of building up strategic defenses unless Tito's Government is told that it must cooperate with the major portion of the country. The Croatian, Serbian and Slovenian peasants will never voluntarily give up their traditional economic independence. They were economically free long before the Communists seized power. Yugoslav agrarian reform was more revolutionary than anything the Communists have introduced. To the peasants Communist reorganization of the land is a return to the feudal past.

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THIS impasse can be bridged only if the great powers in their efforts to make Yugoslavia militarily strong, force Tito: 1) to abandon his collectivist policy and to limit industrialization to a point that will satisfy the peasantry rather than undermine it; 2) to prepare the country psychologically for democratization. A compromise should be reached between the more left-wing peasant and democratic leaders in the country. Tito should go back at least to the Yalta agreement, and accept the fact that his People's Front does not represent a cross-section of the country but is actually a front for the Communist Party. Independent democratic peasant leaders should be released from prison. They could help to popularize the new American policy in a country fed up with Tito's fatal experiments.

Since the Allies want Yugoslavia militarily and morally ready to withstand Stalin's challenge, they must come to realize that the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are politically mature. These peoples will fight only if they are told that their fight is not going to keep Tito in power but that it will enable them to liberate themselves from Communism.

If Tito cannot make concessions on general questions, national rivalries will inevitably expose the country to a civil war. There are many latent tensions between Croats and Serbs, Serbs and Macedonians. As the old ruling class, particularly its members in exile, is divided on current issues and not ready to take over, Tito should at least proceed toward an agreement with the popular leaders at home, stop the struggle with the peasants, and give the people hope that their future is not Communism but freedom.

American policy so far has been effective in giving the peasants the courage to stand fast against Communism. This resistance should not be crushed. The peasants should be told that American policy supports them rather than their dictator. This is the only way the Yugoslavs will unite in fighting the Soviets.

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The Break Between the AFL and CIO

HENRY C. FLEISHER, editor of the *CIO News,* has written an interesting piece in that paper on the break between the AFL and CIO.

The break expressed itself last month in the dissolution of the United Labor Policy Committee, a nine-month-old baby which had shown surprising vigor and promise in its ability to bring together the top brass of the labor movement down in Washington for various joint campaigns on the political battlefield.

Fleisher mentions "three major types of reason" for this step backward by an 11-to-2 majority of the AFL executive committee. (The two who voted against it were George Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, and Al Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, which just recently voted to re-affiliate with the AFL.)

The first alleged reason was that the ULPC had made no progress toward "organic unity"—that is, merger—of the AFL and CIO. Fleisher points out: "However, at no time . . . had the AFL delegates ever suggested the placement of the organic unity question on the committee's flexible agenda. In addition, the AFL had made no move for further meetings of the unity committees of the CIO and AFL, which met a number of times during the summer of 1950."

For reason number two we will borrow from an account in the New York *Times,* by the veteran labor reporter, Louis Stark: "The principal argument advanced by those who supported the drastic move . . . was that the CIO had been profiting by the AFL-CIO collaboration and the AFL had not."

★

FLEISHER narrows this down to the charge that the CIO had wangled more than its fair share of appointments to government defense agencies. He comments as follows: "The record, however, does not bear out this criticism. For instance, the post of special assistant to Charles E. Wilson, head of the topside office of Defense Mobilization, is held by George Harrison of the AFL. In the ULPC his nomination for that post was made by the CIO."

He goes on to show that of the seven top labor representatives in the defense set-up only two are CIO men and five are AFL. I might add that, to this observer at least, one of the most striking things about the ULPC was the graceful way the CIO yielded the first place at table to the older and larger AFL. (The AFL, founded in 1886, has over 8,000,000 members, while the CIO, which sprung fully armed from the head of the AFL in 1935, has never claimed more than 6,000,000 members.) Until recently the CIO had always insisted on equal status with the AFL. In World War II it was a CIO man, Sidney Hillman, who represented labor in the front row of national defense.

The third reason mentioned is in many ways the most intriguing. It revolves around the recent Milan conference of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. The story is that the AFL wanted Giulio Pastore, the Catholic head of the biggest non-Communist federation of Italian workers, as the new president of the ICFTU. The CIO delegation threw its weight behind Vincent Tewson of England, who was backed by the Socialist unions of Europe which make up the hard core of the ICFTU. Tewson won and the AFL abstained from voting.

AFL leaders charge that Victor Reuther of the CIO delegation called the shots too often for his colleagues and called them in the direction of Socialist policy. They mention in particular the support given the UIL, a new, militantly Socialist federation of Italian workers which was knocking on the ICFTU door.

Fleisher deals with these charges frankly. He states that "the CIO has never promoted 'socialism.'" He defends the CIO support of Tewson on the ground that "the CIO delegates wanted to 'go along' with the choice of most of the other delegates rather than to give the appearance in any way of exercising what might be considered an 'American veto' over the organization." This is not a completely convincing defense, but it is plausible and at least worth respect.

As to the UIL, Fleisher does not deny that the CIO delegation gave aid and comfort to the UIL. His principal defense is to point out that the group's most tireless lobbyist at Milan was a member of the AFL delegation.

He says this in general: "Far from seeking to 'freeze out' the non-Socialists from the ICFTU, the CIO has worked consistently since 1949 to find a formula for bringing the strong Catholic unions of Europe into the ICFTU ranks."

This is true. Last year it was Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, who put forward a compromise proposal that would have admitted the Catholic unions on easier terms than the Socialist Europeans demanded.

Perhaps Walter Reuther should have gone again this year and left his brother Victor at home. Victor is educational director of the UAW and, along with Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer, one of the top leaders of the strong Socialist wing of that union.

★

IT IS true that the Socialists in the American labor movement are not as "drunk on dogma," to use Francis Downing's phrase, as their European comrades. Nevertheless, they do reel slightly from time to time, and it is possible that in Milan, Victor Reuther and several others in the CIO delegation accepted a few too many

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from these same comrades and consequently did and said things which should not have been done and said.

I don't know. I am just saying that it seems possible. Even if it were true, it would not go one-tenth of the necessary way toward explaining the action of the AFL.

Victor Riesel, the Hearst labor columnist, has for a long time been trying to build up a major conflict in the CIO between the Socialist wing and the Catholic wing. Riesel is a sensational type journalist who too often tries to give national, and even international, significance to the fact that some two-bit labor leader blew his nose with a pink handkerchief. Since the Communists got the heave-ho from the CIO he has found exciting copy more difficult to come by (haven't we all?). But I don't think his Catholic-Socialist struggle should be taken too seriously.

Not too seriously, but just seriously enough. It is true that in both the AFL and CIO there are a number of unions where you will find Socialist elements either in control or in a position to influence strongly both the leadership and rank-and-file. These Socialists, incidentally, might prefer to be called Social Democrats or Liberals or even New Deal Democrats. About the only thing they have in common is a tendency toward the centralization of economic controls in the hands of government, and a class-war vocabulary, which in many cases is nothing more than a vocabulary.

They are strong in such AFL unions as the International Ladies Garment Workers, the Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers, the National Farm Labor Union, and in such CIO unions as the United Auto Workers, the Textile Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, to mention only a few. In many unions of both federations Catholics are also prominent in the leadership, mainly because a large percentage of the membership of American trade unions is Catholic. About the only thing they have in common, both rank-and-file and leaders, is that they call themselves Catholics.

In short, in both groups, Socialist and Catholic, there is a wide variation of belief. But at the core of both there are ideologies, ways of thinking, that might be said to be in competition for the favor of the American workingman. And since the Communists have departed to their own place, there is no other serious ideology around but capitalism, which still flourishes in the persons of such rugged individualists as John L. Lewis and Big Bill Hutcheson of the Carpenters, but otherwise would seem to have had its day.

★

I THINK there are enough good men in both camps, enough sound sensible men, to keep their conflict where it belongs, in the realm of polite and friendly theory. Because such men have more in common than they have in conflict. It is one of the curious facts of American labor history that the Social Democratic leaders of such unions as the ILGWU and the Amalgamated have done more to demonstrate the practical value of Catholic teaching on labor-management cooperation than 90 percent of our Catholic union officials.

In Catholic teaching there is also a place for labor-management conflict, and even on occasion, what you might call just class wars. And for government control, and even for government ownership. I don't think we will all get together some day, but I think many of us can and will get together. Not by Catholics becoming Socialists, or Socialists becoming Catholics, but by both submitting to the discipline of common sense. It is true that I also believe that by so doing the Catholics will become more Catholic and the Socialists will become less Socialist. But that can be put down to prejudice and an honest difference of opinion.

The executive committee of the AFL may have been motivated partly in its recent action by irritation at Socialist maneuverings in the CIO. I don't know. Their action was mysterious enough, and basically foolish enough, to have any one of a hundred different motivations. And all of them insufficient to justify what they did. Because common sense will tell any man who listens to it that in union there is strength, and that strength is what every American workingman—be he AFL, CIO or neither—needs plenty of in this land where the corporate dollar still waves far too high on the flagstaff.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

DIAMOND LIL

AMONG the broken hearts of Broadway, mine must now be counted. I had never seen Mae West, or her cornball melodrama, in the theatre, but had conceived a great devotion to them both on the basis of a film version made in the thirties—a version which, as a visit to the Museum of Modern Art's film library will testify, remains as good as it ever was. To me, "Diamond Lil" was an elaborate and successful period joke dominated by an authentic comedienne—a parody of passionate sex and purple plotting which belonged among the richer comic inspirations. I went to the Broadway with high hopes.

I must confess to great disappointment. It wasn't the obviously ramshackle nature of the play, with its constant teetering between straight melodrama and bald burlesque, which bothered me. I kept expecting that with the entrance of Miss West the whole thing would take on her personal stamp, that her rowdy authority would justify and bring into focus the absurdities and uncertainties of the vehicle. This was the stunner. Miss West herself is both less funny and less firmly in command of the stage than I had supposed. She is here giving a curiously muted performance, though this may be partly due to the unsuitably large theatre in which she is appearing. Still more surprisingly, the familiar and famous undulations have a self-conscious and somewhat uncoordinated air about them, almost as though Miss West had by now seen so many imitations of herself as to wind up imitat-

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ing *them*. Again, last year's broken ankle may be offered in partial explanation. But I have now run out of excuses.

The unhappy truth is that the play is ambiguous in tone and the actress astonishingly uncertain of her effects. She overdoes, she makes a good many waste gestures, and there are bad gaps between the moments when a mannerism, or a line reading, strikes fire. Until now the mere mention of Miss West has been enough to fill me with an immense good humor; on seeing her in the at present too ample flesh, I am left with the impression that once upon a time a very limited talent stumbled, perhaps by accident, onto some remarkably funny effects which have since been parlayed into something far beyond their intrinsic comic value. All right, I'm a cad. But a dream has been shattered, and I'm bitter.

A few things might be done to improve the present production. The scenery might be braced, to eliminate the impression that the action is taking place in San Francisco at the height of the earthquake. Miss West—who was wearing a million dollars worth of jewels at the opening—might well be provided with a dressing-gown more flattering to her than the one with which she begins the second act. There are occasional rather literal pawings of Miss West by the men of the company which might be eliminated in the interests of good taste and comic tone. And someone might restage the piece with a little more flair. (*At the Broadway*)

BAGELS AND YOX

BAGELS (buns) and lox (smoked salmon), together with cream cheese, make a very tasty snack, and I recommend it heartily. Unfortunately, I can recommend neither the tortured pun which has been constructed as a title for this show ('yox' is fake spelling for a show-business term meaning 'laughs'), nor the show which it is meant to describe. "Bagels and Yox" is a Yiddish-American revue featuring a number of vaudeville performers, a microphone, and an onstage band. Nearly all of the 'yox' are in Yiddish, a fact which keeps me from being able to tell you much about them; if, however, the English jokes may be taken as any criterion, I do not consider myself seriously underprivileged. The audience laughed a great deal, but with that excessive heartiness which suggests the 'home' joke—*you've* been to St. Patrick's Day entertainments—and there is nothing in the dancing or singing to salvage the enterprise. There is, in fact, one of the most appalling uses of religious and/or folk music to which I have ever been exposed: it is sung by Mary Forrest, it is intended to be taken seriously, and if I were Jewish I would see somebody about it.

There is some question whether "Bagels and Yox" belongs in a legitimate theatre. It's really a night club floor show, and you sorely miss the meal. The management attempts to make up for this by distributing bagels just before the performance, and I was lucky enough to get one. It was gone, however, by the end of the first act, and so, as it turned out, was I. (*At the Holiday*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

WEEP FOR BLANCHE

IF YOU are not moved by compassion for Blanche Dubois at the end of *"A Streetcar Named Desire,"* then you are probably as hard-hearted as her cloddish brother-in-law, who is greatly responsible for her final breakdown. In a film that is full of poignant situations and lines, the most moving are at the finale when Blanche makes her goodbye to the world and says to the attendants who have come to take her to the asylum: "Whoever you are, I have always depended on the kindness of strangers."

This movie, which tells of the last days of Blanche Dubois before her complete breakdown during a visit with her sister and brother-in-law in New Orleans, is no ordinary movie. Its script, written by Tennessee Williams, is remarkably faithful to his original provocative stage play; and it was directed in good cinema terms by Elia Kazan, who staged the theatrical production. Its story of a woman's loneliness and desperate need for love, and of man's misunderstanding and cruelty toward his fellow men is told with intense feeling and poetic insight. But at times as you watch this lengthy film as it goes its torturous way depicting the intimate and seamy episodes that are part of its soul-searching story, you wonder if this really is material for motion pictures. Certainly the study of Blanche's demoralization and the need for charity in this grim world merit understanding. But because the cinema medium is so graphic in its realism, some of the lines and situations in "A Streetcar Named Desire" go beyond the bounds of good taste and, contrary to their well-meaning intentions, become more suggestive than necessary to make their point.

This is best illustrated in the performance of Marlon Brando as Blanche's crude brother-in-law, who is like something left over from the Stone Age. Brando gives a performance outstanding for its realism. On the stage his interpretation was effective in a frightening sort of way. On the screen, because of the clarity and proximity of close-ups and sound track, Brando makes Stanley Kowalski such an ape-like horror that we expect to find no human characteristics in him. The scene in which he violates Blanche is almost unbearable to watch.

The screen's exaggeration of Kowalski proves a weakness in the structure of the plot that goes beyond the morality issue; on the stage we could almost understand why his wife loved this man; but in the movie, although Kim Hunter portrays Blanche's sister exceedingly well, the bond between Stella and her husband has a quality of sadism that detracts from the story. Unless Stanley has some human and lovable characteristics we wonder why Stella doesn't accept Blanche's suggestion that they

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walk out on him entirely. No doubt it is this suggestion of Blanche's that makes Kowalski, in his fear of losing Stella, do some of the mean things he does. As for Blanche, Kowalski's cruelty is just one more blow in a lifetime of adversity.

Vivien Leigh's portrayal of Blanche is the best acting she has done on the screen, and I am not forgetting her role as Scarlett O'Hara. Once again she is a Southern woman, but this time a neurotic with none of Scarlett's fortitude. Driven by guilt after an unhappy marriage that ended with her husband's suicide, due perhaps to her lack of understanding, Blanche has sunk to the depths. But retaining a glimmer of hope, she lives in a half-real world when she comes to visit her sister. Maybe at the time of her arrival, she could still be saved. There is even a wistful quality in her affected greeting to Stella: "Daylight never exposed so total a ruin." But circumstances at the Kowalski household work against Blanche and shove her far enough into her imaginary world to prevent return. Stanley's friend (played with sincerity and feeling by Karl Malden) could help Blanche, could perhaps even restore her to normalcy. But Stanley sees to it that his friend hears all the sordid details of Blanche's past; any hope of genuine love is shattered.

It is remarkable how Miss Leigh succeeds in touching us with her portrait of a sick woman who sinks deeper into degradation as she strives so helplessly for something better. In spite of its flights of poetry, "Streetcar" is a depressing film. We agree with its pleas for charity and understanding; but its illustration is negative. You leave the film weeping for Blanche but not hopeful for mankind.

★

ANOTHER film that emphasizes the sordid side of life's problems is *"Pickup,"* a melodrama that will hold your interest but hardly make you happy about belonging to the human race. It tells a rather pathetic little story about a middle-aged widower who decides to buy a dog to keep him company on his lonely job as a railroad dispatcher in the desert. In town he meets up with a blond floozy who soon works up an interest in his savings. After the couple are married and the blonde has become thoroughly disagreeable in the bleak country, the husband goes deaf. The wife, a really mean vixen, immediately starts an affair with the young man who is assistant dispatcher.

What makes "Pickup" a little different is a plot gimmick in which the husband's deafness is cured unbeknownst to the wife and her boy friend who continue their love affair and even plot his murder when they think he cannot hear. Hugo Haas is excellent in the role of the kindly man who gets taken in and then later gloats as he listens to his wife and her paramour. Beverly Michaels looks just right as the floozy, and Allan Nixon is sufficiently handsome as the young man—although these two may make you giggle at the wrong times with their lurid machinations.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Of Note

Integralists

THE most recent issue of *Cross Currents* (Box 189, New York 27) carries a long article on "Attitudes Toward Reform in the Church" by the French Dominican, Father Yves Congar. In the course of his article Father Congar mentions "two attitudes which are generally linked together . . . what is called, in our socio-political language, *the rightist mentality,* and what is given the name *integralism* in theology." He lists a few elements of the "integralist" attitude when it takes positions on religious matters.

(1) Insistence on the corruption of nature and original sin; condemnation as naturalism of things in themselves inoffensive (like the Scout movement, or wearing shorts); an *a priori* suspicious attitude towards modern amusements; a taste for the affirmation of what is most repugnant to man.

(2) Inclination to strength and the method of authority; corresponding choices in education;

(3) *A priori* aversion for the notion of evolution; hostility towards that of development, a frown every time one speaks of "life" or "experience."

(4) Aversion for everything that might represent an inclined plane in the approach to Christianity; tendency to retain all the steepness of Catholicism, sometimes even to add to it.

(5) Affection for a notion of faith extended particularly in the intellectual sense, insisting very strongly on its objective aspect, on the dogmatic data as something cut and dried imposing itself on the faithful, and not wanting consideration of the subjective reality of the faith or of its advances.

(6) Great attachment to the rational element, to demonstration by way of reasoning; taste for deduction; on the other hand, little practice in induction and no appeal to experience, to the testimony of consciousness; attachment to Scholasticism, but of the "Christian philosophy" restored by Leo XIII, only St. Thomas is kept, to the practical exclusion of St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, and St. Augustine; St. Thomas is considered to have said practically everything, at least as regards the essential; the "moderns" are suspected *a priori* of having been ignorant of everything, deviated in everything, and of bringing nothing valuable, even at the level of problems. Few problems, moreover, are considered as such; one tends only to the demonstration of conclusions, in the defense of acquired results; confronted with a different thought than one's own,

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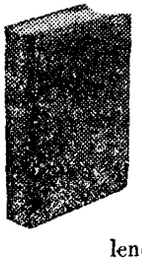

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one is careful not to see that it is a response to certain requirements and is bringing valid elements, but one is intent on disclosing its errors and pulverizing them by a demonstration starting from one's own definitions.

(7) In the doctrine of the Church or in her practical directives (free here in practice to make unconsciously a choice in the direction of one's own opinions), there is the tendency to accentuate the authoritative and strict aspect; an exaggeration of the character of definitive determination in statements coming from Rome, which are, nevertheless, very often directives given in the movement of ideas and of Catholic life which move with the current while directing it from within. In a general way, the truth is rarely experienced as a fullness to which one strives in the society of other minds and the communion of the Church, but rather in a linear, schematic fashion—on one side, as a statement to be given, and on the other side, something cut and dried to be accepted. Heresy is easily detected among those who are still searching, on the watch for every valuable contribution, and for whom there are not only conclusions, but also problems.

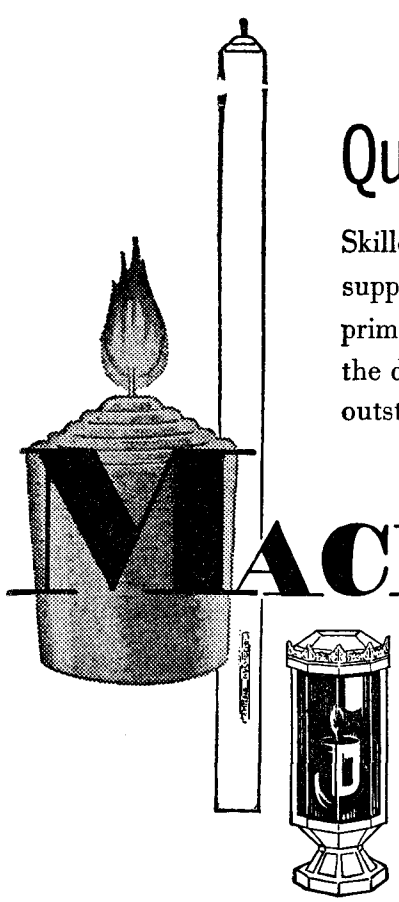
(8) A certain ecclesiology corresponds to these attitudes. The Church is, of course, considered as a mystery of grace, and the aspects of mystical life are solidly affirmed; and the very positive consideration of the spiritual life and of God's work in souls is even the way by which an opening exists so that many elements not recognized in the above-indicated positions make their re-entry. But these things remain confined to the order of personal life, and when one thinks, ecclesiological doctrine is expressed in an authoritative sense, quite exterior to the religious subject, and in such a way that everything is considered under the aspect in which it comes and is completed from on high.

Medical Records

THE following editorial appears in the August issue issue of *The Linacre Quarterly,* (1438 S. Grand Ave., St. Louis 4, Mo.) official journal of the Federation of Catholic Physicians Guilds.

Is the Catholic hospital a haven of medieval medical practice? Does it place crippling restrictions on the medical and surgical practice of its staff members? Must the mother who enters a Catholic hospital be prepared to sacrifice her life for her child?

The sensational writings of several notorious religious bigots are bent upon giving the world this impression. Many ill-informed people of good will have been led to believe that these charges are true. Even some less informed Catholics have been shaken



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by the emotional rantings of those who attack Catholic hospitals and medicine.

We know, and the doctors in the Catholic hospitals know, that these charges are not true. We are deeply hurt by this type of criticism. It moves us to just but ineffectual indignation: we cry out against bigotry, but do we realize that we ourselves are partly to blame for the spread of this false propaganda?

Catholic hospitals and Catholic medical men have been on the defensive too long and have failed to tell the story of the Catholic hospital and practice of medicine by Catholics in strong, positive, and convincing language.

Let us consider the practice of obstretrics in the Catholic hospital—the area of so much unfounded but bitter and emotional criticism. What are the facts? Does a Catholic mother ever have to sacrifice her life for her child? Catholic obstetricians tell us this *never* happens.

But perhaps it's proof that is wanted, not the allegations of Catholic physicians—the proof of irrefutable statistics. By all means, let us examine maternal and infant death rates; let us compare the figures for Catholic hospitals with the national norms, or even state and regional norms. Few if any Catholic institutions would not make a favorable showing—the majority would do better than the norm. Each Catholic hospital should make this comparison for itself.

To pose another question: how does the percentage of live babies to the number of confinements in a Catholic hospital compare with that of non-Catholic institutions? Again, this is a question Catholic hospitals should answer for themselves. We know this: there are many babies born in a Catholic hospital who might have been sacrificed by "therapeutic" abortion in other institutions.

Some non-Catholic obstetricians have held that sterilization of the mother after the second or third caesarean section is mandatory. Do not our statistics disprove this unscientific interference with motherhood? We know that not a few instances of five, six, and even seven caesarean sections are on record in our institutions.

In other words, the adherence to basic Christian principles of respecting the life of the unborn and the determination to save the life of the foetus if at all possible has been a wholesome pressure which has stimulated great improvements in the science of obstetrics, and resulted in bringing to the light of day hundreds of infants who in other circumstances might not have been born. And in accomplishing this we have not sacrificed the life of any mother.

Cannot our medical staffs be made more aware of these facts? Could not annual reports stress these facts? We have a duty to furnish this information to our friends and benefactors. We owe it to our medical staffs. The facts speak for themselves and they are all in our favor.

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The Future That Is Already Here

By WILLIAM PFAFF

TIME, history, the moment can be vertical and can be horizontal. That is to say, there are layers and there are shafts in the history of a place or of a family. On this layer, today, Friday, 3:10 P.M., the weather in Manhattan is good—sunny. People are filing papers, typing, talking over their desks, getting drinks of water, staring out of windows. Cab drivers are irritably nosing holes in jammed traffic. Men are buying drinks. Men are leaving for weekends in New England. They are making payrolls and eating oysters. A salesman at Brooks Brothers is solicitously enquiring if a customer prefers Egyptian or domestic cotton in his white shirts.

So much for the moment. For the past? Is there a past to Manhattan? It was purchased by the Dutch in 1626. Named New York by the English in 1664. Made a borough by the Americans in 1898. Some people actually have a past in this place. Most do not. They have left their past in Seattle, Chicago, North Platte, or Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. Their present is in Manhattan. This place, flung upward, holed into the granite island, scattering itself for miles into three states, is an explosion of the present. The hansom cabs, relics of a Manhattan which possessed a past and a present both, are now here not for memory's sake, but for fancy's. This is what happens when 1,889,924 people come together for the seizing of the moment and the redemption of their own individual futures.

In Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi, the people have a personal history as acute as do those in Manhattan. If in Manhattan you pass the same beggar you saw nine months ago, pass the same people on the street, are disturbed by the familiar faces of strangers, start at places which hold a fragment of your own life, meet again people who have taken in the creation of their own lives your image and yourself—the same happens to Gavin Stevens, lawyer, of Jefferson, Mississippi; Gowan Stevens, his nephew; Temple Drake, Gowan's wife; Nancy Mannigoe, the murderer of Temple's child; and William Faulkner, the novelist who made this place and created these people.

★

BUT in Jefferson, things started with a Chickasaw Agency trading post. They started with men named Habersham, Holston, Grenier, Sartoris, and Stevens; with a chest of accumulated land records, tax-rolls, mortgages and civic papers, a courthouse to keep the chest and the records, and a lock. Things continued for a hundred and fifty years. The names reappear, the past, not left behind, is not really past.

Faulkner's new novel *Requiem for a Nun* (Random House, $3.) about the same places and people he has always written about, is a play in an historical setting. The history comes as an essay or introduction to the elements of the three-act play. It is the vertical history of this place and family. The play itself is concerned with how yesterday is part of today, and, as Temple says at the end, "there's still tomorrow and tomorrow." And she adds "And suppose tomorrow and tomorrow, and then nobody there, nobody waiting to forgive me. . . ."

The question comes because Temple had found the past too much for her. She had once, not unwillingly, brought her husband-to-be, Gowan Stevens, then a drunken university student, and two criminals, one her lover, into a terrible adventure. This adventure returned to her years afterward and she was permitting it, through her own selfishness and her husband's foolishness, to ruin her marriage and threaten her children. Nancy Mannigoe, "nigger dope-fiend whore," saved her.

To Temple's question Nancy replies, "Believe." "Believe what, Nancy? Tell me," Temple says. Nancy replies, "Believe." Faulkner believes that when Christ said "suffer little children to come unto me," He meant 'suffer' literally. "People not only can bear anything but probably will have to."

★

PEOPLE have borne anything—that is the whole theme of the history of Yoknapatawpha County. Faulkner is a great moralist, obsessed by the silent murders of personality and of character. The inevitable destruction that is brought about by our kinship, our friendship, our emnity; our selfishness in our relations with one another. These things are the real happenings, and the murders which bring the squad cars and are reported in the papers are the shadows of the inner dramas.

His style, as complicated as ever in this book, seems to be a necessary tool for him. Only with sentences that go on and on with parentheses, double parentheses, and all the rest of the famous paraphernalia, is Faulkner able to satisfy himself that he is getting out the whole intricate truth. Turning this style of his dialogue, as in the play in this novel, everyone talks like William Faulkner writes, which is anything but likely in real life. But what they have to say is right, appropriate to them. All the characters are either tragic or noble figures—and that, when you stop to think about it, is not so unlikely.

In this complex, difficult-to-read, compelling relation of a simple tragedy Faulkner says about all that it is necessary to say about the part of today that yesterday is. About when you, who unthinkingly, necessarily have been fastening your life to places, to friends, to plans you think must come true, find out in a few words of love or lack of love, or of friendship, or in a single happening of history, or in a chilly, hazy evening, that the persons and places are gone. That you are quite alone. That no one else can ever do for you what you shrink from doing yourself. That places cannot distract you completely when, briefly, you realize that you have a soul.

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Books

Moses. Sholem Asch. Putnam. $3.75.

"I BELIEVE that the New and Old Testaments, the Law and the Prophets, and the Apostles, have One Author, God, the Almighty Lord," says the Creed of Leo IX, and so a bishop must profess before he can be consecrated, for the Church is built on both. The events of Ancient Covenant are part of life, the Church's part of the history of salvation, and hence they belong to the history of redemption. Patriarchs and prophets, sages and kings, are the Christian's ancestors, nor could his faith be, had they not been chosen, had they not responded to grace, had they not believed the promises, had Mercy not raised them from their falls.

Among them is Moses, "great leader and giver of the laws," as the Church calls him on his feast day, which is celebrated in Jerusalem on September 4th. Doomed, he lived; a prince at Pharaoh's court, he shared the sufferings of his brethren; a murderer, he was made meek; a stammerer, he stood before the king as the Lord's vicar and the champion of slaves, so that from the first day of his life there is visible in him one of the great themes of God's economy: "What the world holds weak, He chooses, so as to abash the strong." Where was there ever a captain like this, who led his kinsmen through the wilderness for forty patient years that they might be ready to enter into "a good land and a large," a land of freedom where they could serve the Living God, where they would wait for the times of the Messias?

It is of this captain that Sholom Asch writes, and writes well. Full of devotion, of reverence, his is truly a religious novel, and one need not agree with its every interpretation to acclaim it gratefully.

There are in it many beautiful descriptions, rich in color, striking in line: Of the miracle of the Red Sea, which was not complete till a son of Israel, trusting in the Lord's command, dared the as yet unpassable way between the piled up waters—seeing his trust, the waters trembled and withdrew. Of Mount Sinai, a rendezvous for all the varieties of creation, where the north and south of nature joined hands. Of the rock of the waters of contradiction, which, from the beginning of time, had squatted on the rim of the wilderness, the guardain of its promised waters—a stony ancient, it stared at Moses, "a Moses of stone confronting a Moses of flesh and blood; and from the eyes of the rock, tears started and ran down . . . tears of humiliation and pain." The book abounds in images like these, but all too often, their vigor is dissipated and many a climax weakened by repetition, by a heaping up of adjectives and metaphors. Overwriting is, I fear, one of Sholem Asch's literary temptations.

I don't think myself prudish when I find tedious the novel's preoccupation with the sexual perversions of the heathen. Nor do I wish to stifle poetic imagination when I find Balaam's figure out of drawing. Of greater import is Sholem Asch's—should I call it Protestant?—aversion to priests and ritual, which imputes to Aaron the ambition to be like the priests of Egypt. His Moses would have had worship almost bodiless, "spiritualized," until he realized that "the people was too young, too unschooled, to attain to that high level of pure union with God through the will alone." Yet it is neither Jewish nor Christian to wish men to be angels. Then too, it is difficult to understand why Sholem Asch (or is it his translator?) uses, and so insistently, "Jehovah" for what is to the Jews the Name, the Ineffable Name. For it is admittedly a faulty pronunciation of "Yahweh" — God, Who revealed Himself to Moses as "I am that I am," the Living God, ever present, ever faithful.

Remembering Sholem Asch's former professions of faith, one is surprised to find missing from his book Jesus the Christ—"Whatever lacked that name, no matter how learned and excellently written and true, could not win me wholly," says St. Augustine in the third book of his *Confessions*. The Passover lamb, the manna, Sholem Asch tells of, never mentioning Him whom they foreshadow.

At the receiving of the second Tablets, he endows Moses with a vision ranging from all the world's saints and martyrs to the sinners of every age; but Christ does not reign among the saints and Christ does not die for the sinners. True, at the end of his life, Moses is shown the King Messias, "in a silver mantle, which flashed the reflections of a thousand colors, wearing a royal crown; and though he was in the likeness of a man of flesh and blood, his face was irradiated with the light of the divine indwelling." But, following a Jewish legend, Moses is told by God that the Messias "shall not arise before the end of days," that the kingdom of heaven will not come till the children of Israel are scattered over the face of the earth, as with a shovel, and all the nations have accepted the Law of Sinai.

Are we to judge from this, so out of keeping with his passionately expressed belief in Jesus, that Sholem Asch has changed, has given it up? I think not; though hard to account for, it is but an inconsistency, unrest of heart, not a regress.

In spite of these and other shortcomings, Sholem Asch's *Moses* will do much good if it but brings to the many ignorant of Scripture the Lord's wondrous ways with Israel, if it but makes them aware of the great Exodus which foreshadowed the greater Exodus, of which Christ is the Leader.

JOHN M. OESTERREICHER.

The Jews in The Soviet Union. Solomon M. Schwarz. Foreword by Alvin Johnson. Syracuse University Press. $5.

ONE of Moscow's most successfully exported myths, believed without question until recently by

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the majority of American liberals, is the alleged eradication of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Jews and non-Jews alike are indebted to Dr. Schwarz and to his sponsor, the American Jewish Committee, for the cool, aseptic extirpation of this myth.

A superb piece of scholarship embodying exacting research, the book inevitably illuminates a good deal more than the limited terrain of its specific inquiry. It exposes with careful documentation the cant and opportunism of Lenin's theory and practice with respect to all the Soviet minorities. It shows why Communist totalitarianism, far from being immune to racism and national chauvinism, develops these diseases, is unable to control them even when it wants to, and ends by persecuting racial scapegoats as a means of maintaining the power of the ruling group.

Today the condition of the Jews in the Soviet Union is far worse in many respects than under the Czardom. Jewish cultural life inside the Iron Curtain has been progressively extinguished; its press silenced, its theatre darkened. In official statements there now appears the ominous listing, between parentheses, of the Jewish names of authors using non-Jewish pseudonyms. "Cosmopolitan" is the current political smear-word of the Soviet anti-Semite, used much like "Eskimo," shouted at the victims of Joe McWilliams' anti-Semitic demogogy on Yorkville street corners.

A complete blackout hides what happened to Birobidzhan, the "Jewish Autonomous Province." It was never even intended to be that; merely a wilderness buffer area on the eastern frontier of Soviet imperial conquest, colonized by an expendable minority and administered not very differently from a Soviet slave labor camp.

Soviet anti-Semitism in the twenties had its roots in the competition of displaced Jewish traders for the jobs of industrial workers in a period of widespread unemployment. It was particularly violent among the Young Communists. In 1929 a meeting of Communist students in Kiev demanded the introduction of the *numerus clausus* for Jewish students in Soviet universities.

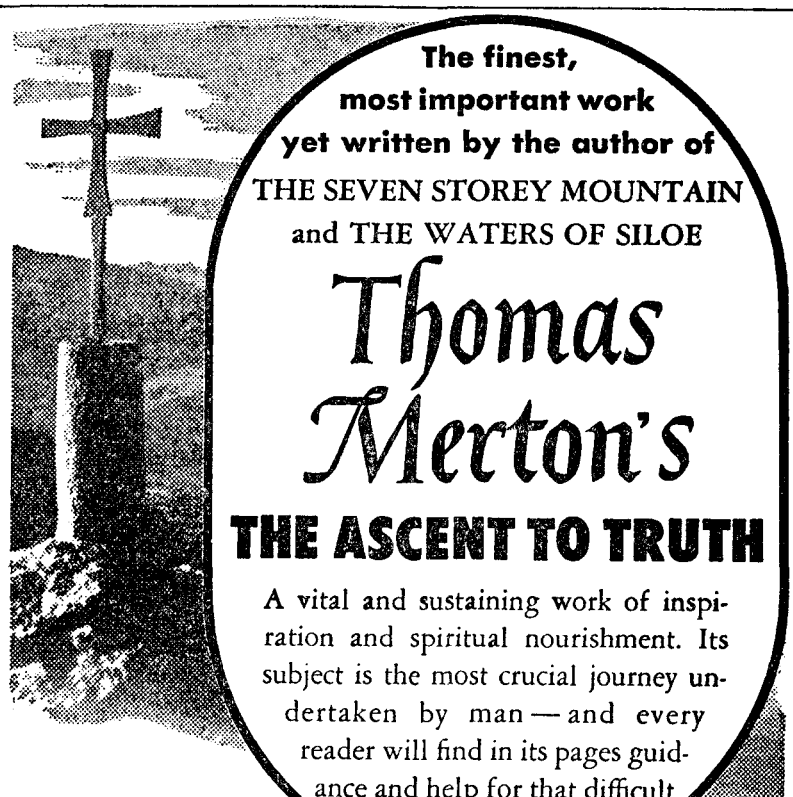
Although the Soviet criminal code provides severe penalties for anti-Semitic acts, Dr. Schwarz points out that these penalties were rarely invoked; also that Stalin's strong statement on anti-Semitism in 1931 was for foreign consumption only; it was not made public in the Soviet Union until 1936.

DURING the early thirties Russia was convulsed by an orgy of headlong industrialization and collectivization; anti-Semitism waned, to be revived during the Great Purge when the Jews became a major object of attack. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek and other Jewish Old Bolsheviks were associated in the public's mind with the poison of "Jewish internationalism" and an entire generation of Jewish political leaders was liquidated.

"The Great Purge," writes Dr. Schwartz, "virtually terminated the organized life of the Jewish group as a recognized cultural and ethnic minority."

Not, of course, that the Jewish experience was unique. The purge destroyed the leaders of *all* minority nationalities. But since they retained their geographic and linguistic identities, these other minorities were in a better position than the Jews to achieve some degree of cultural recovery and survival.

The new bureaucratic caste that displaced the Old Bolsheviks was tightly exclusive and discriminatory. Jews were systematically eliminated from the railroad commisariat. In 1938 Jewish representation in the Supreme Soviets of the individual republics was proportionate to the Jewish percentage of the population in White Russia and the Caucasian republics only; in the others it dropped to a fraction of a percent. Yiddish ceased to be used in official publications; Jewish newspapers were censored and suspended; in 1939, when Galicia was annexed to the Soviet Union, only twenty out of 1,700 delegates to the Soviet Nation-



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al Assembly of the Western Ukraine were Jews, including two Jewish delegates from Lvov, which was then 30 per cent Jewish!

The Nazi occupation of Russian territory both exposed the pre-existing anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union and enormously aggravated it. During the Stalin-Hitler alliance Soviet Jews were kept in ignorance of Hitler's genocidal policy and program. Despite Communist propaganda to the contrary, the Russian authorities made little or no attempt to evacuate Jews from the path of the Nazi invasion in 1941; the vast majority of them perished. Despite the traditional Polish hostility to Jews, the Polish underground saved far more Jews than did the Soviet people of White Russia and the Ukraine.

Underground Jewish partisan fighters were among the first to register for repatriation after the war, their idea being to get to Palestine, and there, if they had to give their lives, give them for their own people.

Soviet reports on Nazi atrocities consistently suppressed the fact that the Jews were by far the greatest victims. A report on Auschwitz, where most of the four million gassed and cremated victims were Jewish, does not so much as mention the word "Jew"!

Postwar Soviet policy has accented "national Communism"—which was once called "great Russian chauvinism." It has been accompanied by a purge of "cosmopolitans" from Soviet art and letters, and Dr. Schwarz regards it as more than a coincidence that most of the "cosmopolitan" writers and artists turned out to be humanistic Jews. Jewish representation in the Supreme Soviet has been literally decimated during the past decade; it is now .4 per cent, as against 4.1 per cent in 1937.

This is the upshot of the Great Experiment which we were told in the twenties had banished national and racial chauvinism, discrimination and persecution from the Russian land, and was pledged to banish it from the earth! The wonder is that so many Jews and non-Jews believed the lie. One hope, for the free world, emerges from Dr. Schwarz's pages: the political and cultural bone and tissue of the regime he so brilliantly dissects proves to be so rotten with fraud and faithlessness that its dissolution may come sooner than we had dared to believe.

JAMES RORTY.

The Poetry of John Donne. An Explication. Donighan Louthan. Bookman Associates. $3.50.

The Prayers of John Donne. Herbert M. Umbach. Bookman Associates. $2.50.

THE remarkable revival of interest in the poetry of John Donne which has taken place in this century indicates how closely the literary taste of any particular generation is apt to be conditioned by its own psychological needs and its world view. During most of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Donne was remembered, if at all, chiefly as a sort of obscure curiosity. The ages of "reason" and of romantic optimism felt little sympathy for his troubled and subtle art. The twentieth century, on the other hand, seems to have found a mirror for its own anxieties in the complexities and doubts which shaped Donne's spirit; he is a much more "modern" poet than, say, a Shelley or a Pope.

The resurgence of Donne's popularity has resulted in a vast store of Donne studies during the past forty years. Indeed, the time for a reaction might seem at hand. These two books are the latest additions to this store. So much has been written on Donne that further work must be clearly justified. This justification is provided, the publishers tell us, by "the current revival of interest in John Donne," which "testifies to his continuing vitality." Donne, however, has long ceased to enjoy the status of a "revival." He is now a standard orthodoxy, and any new evaluation of his art must be very original indeed if it is to escape being merely repetitious.

The study of Donne's poetry by Doniphan Louthan was, in its original form, a doctoral dissertation presented in Yale University. In it the author attempts to arrive at a closer understanding of Donne's mind and technique through a careful examination of the structure and imagery of selected poems. The book is an extended *explication de texte;* the results achieved are frequently interesting and always thorough.

Unfortunately, Donne has by now been explicated nearly to death, and the understanding of his poetry should present few serious problems to the intelligent reader. Louthan's study undoubtedly had real value as an academic exercise, but, as a "new evaluation" it has little to offer which has not been done much better before. The book frequently exhibits a rather indiscriminate (and disconcerting) combination of the erudite with the chatty, the manner of the conventional research study with that of the informal essay, with resulting serious lapses in taste. It is a book which is too scholarly to be usefully popular, and too popular to have value as genuine scholarship. One wonders why it was published at all.

Many readers of modern literature are probably familiar with Donne's "Bell" meditation through their reading of the Hemingway novel. Herbert M. Umbach's small volume, *The Prayers of John Donne* should provide them a further introduction to John Donne the priest. The book offers a generous selection from Donne's prayers, meditations, and "Divine Poems," and it includes a valuable essay by the editor on Donne's idea of prayer.

Donne's prayers are remarkable for the same rich complexity and subtlety which distinguish his poetry. They also give evidence to a truly humble and profoundly Christian spirit. The prayers are philosophically and theologically complex. They move with majesty, and here Donne's famous metaphysical manner exists on a profounder level than in the "conceits." The careful reading of these prayers should provide insight into an aspect of Donne which is perhaps not as well known as it deserves to be. John Donne the divine, the searcher after truth and Eternal Life, has as much to say to our generation as has John Donne the poet.

WILLIAM P. CLANCY.

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Human Fertility: The Modern Dilemma. Robert C. Cook. William Sloane Associates. $4.50.

BOTH quantity and quality of population stand in urgent need of control, writes geneticist Cook in his first book-length contribution to the growing popular literature on questions of population. The quantity theme as developed in the book is tersely expressed in an introduction by Julian Huxley, "The world is rapidly filling up; there are no longer any large spaces into which human fertility can easily spill over." Cook sums up his own views on population quality by saying that "gene erosion," originating in differential birthrate, threatens civilization.

From the quantity standpoint, the author expresses considerable pessimism about the earth's future. Man, in the course of the centuries, has multiplied from two to over two billion, and no end is in sight. Modern man increased three or fourfold within several centuries, consequent to control over premature death, disease, infant mortality. The author foresees tremendous increases in less developed lands once improved health and sanitation measures are introduced. People will compete with each other for limited food supply like hungry animals, unless war and starvation first take a hand in controlling numbers. To avert disaster, Cook insists, death control must be supplemented by control of births.

In developing his argument, the author compares two island populations of the Western world. During a half-century of United States sovereignty, Puerto Rico has doubled its population, as disease-controlling measures were introduced. Should birthrates remain at present levels, another doubling within a matter of decades is not inconceivable. Ireland, on the other hand, a century ago faced a problem of people crowding on limited land resources. Though its population approached eight million when the potato famine began, today it is stabilized at approximately two and one-half million. The author points out that this could not have occurred unless an unwritten population policy, emphasizing late marriages and emigration, were adhered to.

Cook's chief interest, however, is in population quality. He is more at home in this field. The Mendelian laws of heredity are explained at length, and subsequently defended against the ideological onslaughts of Soviet biologist Lysenko. The author sees Marxist-Stalinist environmentalism prevailing at the expense of biology and truth.

The book contends that the laws of heredity being what they are, "gene erosion" became inevitable once medical science disrupted the process of natural selection. Previously, disease and premature death weeded out the unfit. Now they survive to reproduce their kind, it is said. Hence, average intellectual ability declines and progressive cultural deterioration occurs through deterioration of the "gene pool." Cook is enough of an environmentalist to add that maximum heredity potential cannot reach fruition in a poor environment. He detects such an environmental handicap in the case of younger children of large and underprivileged families. It is at this point that his lines of argument for both quantity and quality control meet.

The author wants efforts made to restore balance between favorable and unfavorable factors of heredity, as he understands them. He would go further. Like the geneticists meeting in Edinburgh for an international congress as World War II broke out, he would attempt improvement of human stock through careful breeding. Neither he, nor the geneticists in Edinburgh, troubled to point out how similar aspirations fed the immoral National Socialist drive for racial purity—one of the contributing causes of the Second World War. Yet it should be noted that the author refrains from detailed proposals for a "human betterment" program through systematic sterilization, such as are found in Elmer Pendell's recent and startling book, *Population on the Loose.*

A GENETICIST with strong eugenic orientation, Cook devotes more space to making a case for

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heredity control than to discussing population increase as such. Yet from what he writes of the population-resource relationship, one gathers that he believes world population has reached, if not exceeded, the optimum. Further growth only means dangerous and improvident resource exploitation. Now, the very concept of optimum population is at best elusive, and in any case relative. It depends on the state of economic development, technology, resource utilization, accustomed and desired levels of living. To these factors insufficient attention is given.

Human Fertility tends to overlook possibilities for more efficient use of renewable resources, and for substitution in the case of non-renewable resources' being depleted. It gives no proper evaluation of prospective productivity increases in the light of scientific and technical advances, and from the demographic viewpoint does not set population trends (and statistics) in all parts of the world in satisfactory perspective. It assumes, rather than proves, that Julian Huxley's statement about the world filling up is a fair statement of the case. In view of the limited facts presented, one may well ask how such broad conclusions follow, and how the author reconciles his viewpoint with that of more optimistic and at least equally informed writers.

The conception of the earth as a larger copy of Puerto Rico, or Japan, and even of these straitened areas as having reached maximum productivity, leaves much to be desired. Granting the economic disequilibruim created in limited regions through present population pressures, ultimate adjustment is not impossible. For one thing modification of net rates of population increase is already under way, or will come with progress in modernization. For another, freer movement and exchange of goods, services, manpower, in a world community of peoples, are both possible and necessary. Application of human ingenuity to political organization and social engineering can bring this to pass, without recourse to immoral means. To be sure, this means changes in culture patterns, in group and race prejudices, in degree of economic cooperation, even in conceptions of national sovereignty as this relates to resource utilization. But what Soviet communism would achieve by force, free men must accomplish courageously by democratic effort on a worldwide basis.

In meeting problems of population pressures, Cook offers one chief solution: to curtail population growth radically. In accomplishing his aim, he gives first priority to artificial contraception, and rationalizes its use as legitimate on grounds of necessity. From the viewpoint of morals, this is the most obvious defect of the book. To his credit, however, it should be added that he sees Ireland as having reduced its birthrate without general recourse to immoral means.

Human Fertility focuses attention on a great moral imperative of our time—to feed the hungry. Cook would solve what appears to him a dilemma, and fulfil the imperative, by reducing the number of mouths to feed. His critics should be at least equally zealous in promoting increase of food supply.

WILLIAM J. GIBBONS.

Color, Ebony. Helen Caldwell Day. Sheed & Ward. $2.25.

THIS is Helen Caldwell Day's account of her first 23 years. Perforce, she has kept two sets of books.

In one ledger is recorded the human story of the workings of Providence, how—as best she can see—God's grace brought her slowly and imperceptively through poverty, parental direction, rebellion, and the nursing profession to the portals of the Church.

The other ledger tells "what it is like, being a Negro, being poor and black in America today." Here Mrs. Day's book serves best. At a time when just about everything has been said on the theoretical plane about racism that needs to be said, Mrs. Day does not simply teach; her experience moves or shows.

Rather than dwell upon the ridiculousness of the "Separate But Equal" dogma, she shows its absurd and tragic character in the control of fallen creatures. She does not point at racism from afar, but presents evidence of its complexity, and, by implication, suggests that the remedies are equally complex. She would affect no overnight cure, for she recognizes the pervading presence of selfishness, materialism, individualism, and irreligion in both black and white. She uncovers the deep down rankling in the souls of Negroes, not because they are poor and cheated, but because they are human in a creation which tends to unity, whereas their masters deny their dignity, refuse their love, and thus rend the community asunder.

On the other hand, she sees no cause for despair, since only in the eyes of this world are obedience, resignation, and endurance valueless. She says, finally:

"We hear a constant strain of joyful praise in and through the suffering. Failure becomes success, and death is victory. In poverty we are richest, and each man's gain is every man's gain, for God is in all and all in God, and all are filled with the fullness of God. Viewed in this, the true light, it becomes obvious that the Negro does have a chance, equal to all, to reach the highest goal possible of men: sanctity, and to possess the greatest Good of all: God."

WILLIAM H. SLAVICK.

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